

Good Morning 720

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



Pact Recalled for A.B. Roy Taylor

YOU must have heard the story, A.B. Roy Taylor, of the lady who was celebrating her sixth anniversary; the sixth anniversary, she said, of her twenty-first birthday!

We recall this because your Mother told us she was busy collecting materials for the celebration of your twenty-first (which is also already past, though not by so long) when we called on her at 94, Mangravet Avenue, Maidstone, to get some news for you.

It was rather unfortunate that we missed getting a bigger family group, but the picture of your Mother and Nigger should please you.

Evelyn had just left for a week's holiday at Tonbridge, and Dad was away cherry-picking at Chant Sutton. They are both well and wish you all the best and a speedy return home.

We remarked on the vase of sweet-peas on your Mother's table, and she told us they were grown by Gran. Both she and Grandfather are well and they, too, look forward all the time to seeing you again.

The other sea-going type in your family — Bernard — is writing regularly and keeping fit. You probably know about the boat he's on now. Incidentally, he hopes you will keep to that pact you made about not bringing a wife home!

Practice is supposed to make perfect, but your Mother didn't tell us whether Harold has yet reached perfection on his clarinet. He is still practising, however, so maybe he will play you

down Mangravet Avenue to No. 94 when you return.

The old "Wheatseaf" continues to provide your father with a pitch for darts practice, and he is putting in plenty while waiting for a match with you. We should think the other use of the "Wheatseaf" will come into its own though when you get around there again!

Meanwhile, your Mother and Father, and Evelyn, who is now taking your place at Bish's, join all the folk you know in Maidstone in wishing you all the best, Roy, and a safe return home.

You can see from the picture how Nigger feels about you. Your Mother had only to mention your name and she was all attention, so there's another one who's waiting to welcome you.

As a footnote, we add that any time Vera Lynn is on the air you can be sure that if you tune in you will be united, in a way, with home, because your parents always make a point of listening in case you are, too.

1 in 7

NELSON (Glam) has a population of 3,000, and one in seven of the population is in the Services. The village claims the best record in Britain. It is proud of its V.C., Major Tasker-Watkins, and Nelson men have won 11 other decorations, including the George Medal, O.B.E., D.F.M.s, D.F.C., and M.M. Over £3,000 has been raised by the villagers for comforts for the Forces; every prisoner of war on returning home has received a cheque, and there will be a gift for every man and woman when they are demobbed. What village can beat this?

Players are a Queer and Comic Lot Declares John King

IN the past sportsmen have been "glamorised" by the fans, in some instances losing a sense of reality. Had the people who idolised some of these men seen them as they really were, they might have been shocked.

Take, for instance, the late Dick Roose, who played in goal for Arsenal and Stoke City. Roose, an eccentric character, according to those who played with him, never believed in training with his colleagues. On the contrary, he would not train unless he was alone.

Going into a corner of the field, Roose would do all his exercises by himself, and if anyone watched he'd pack up in a temper and go into the dressing-room.

He never wore knee-caps without knowing the real reason. He did not suffer from weak knees or an injury!

Beneath his goalkeeper's sweater, Roose used to wear a torn and somewhat grubby singlet. One day, after a match, George Hardy, the Arsenal trainer, walking round the dressing-room, saw the singlet, thought it needed a wash, and took it home to his wife to put through the soap-suds. This she did, and Hardy, handing it back to Roose, expected some thanks.

Instead, the goalkeeper was very, very angry. Said it was a "lucky singlet" for him so long as it wasn't washed, and there Hardy had gone and

washed away his good fortune!

JOKE!

On another occasion Roose, when Arsenal were playing away from home, went up to the guard of the train he was about to board and whispered: "There are a couple of fellows aboard without tickets. I saw them get on a few minutes ago."

Touching his cap, the guard thanked Roose and then had the whole train searched. Later he went up to Roose and said: "We couldn't find the men, sir, whereupon Roose grinned: 'Did you try the driver and fireman?'"

I can't tell you what the guard's reply was!

Quite a number of star players love to "kid" their friends or opponents. George Brown, the great Hampshire and England all-rounder, was one of these funsters.

Stories of this fine player are legion, and this is how Neil McCorkell, the Hampshire stumper, tells of one.

"It was the occasion of Norman Kilner's first county match for Yorkshire. Both teams were staying at the same hotel. George was in the bathroom shaving when Norman Kilner entered with a cheery 'Good morning.'

"George just glared at him through the lather and finished stropping his razor. The operation completed, George ad-

vanced menacingly upon Norman, lovingly fingering his razor and growled: 'Are you talking to me?'

"This was too much for poor Norman," went on Neil McCorkell. "He turned and dashed along the corridor to his brother's room, the late Roy Kilner, and panted out: 'Roy, there's a madman in the bathroom.'"

"When Roy, on investigation, saw George in the room he never asked for an explanation, but he just said something like this: 'I might have known it was you.'"

Brown was a great "kiddier." He'd nip batsmen by the leg and bark like a dog, causing them to jump. But everything he did was good-natured.

It is among the boxing fraternity that some of the most colourful sporting characters have been known. I number Harry Stone, the American welter-weight, among the real characters of the ring who always gave the crowd something interesting and unusual.

PUFF.

No one who saw him fight, on June 30th, 1914, when he met the great Johnny Summers at Olympia, will ever forget the scene when Harry Stone entered the ring. He entered the roped square smoking a big black cigar.

While his seconds put on his gloves, Stone sat contentedly puffing away, very conscious of the sensation he had caused.

and only handing the cigar to a friend when he was called by the referee to the centre of the ring for the usual formalities.

While waiting for the gong, he had another puff at the Havana, then tossed it to one of his seconds, as the gong sounded.

At once Johnny Summers hit Stone in the middle. Like many other people, he fully expected to make Stone pay for the cigar-smoking. But the American stuck everything the famous Britisher could throw at him, and at the end of 15 rounds Summers won on points.

Then Stone, again taking his cigar, borrowed a light from an admirer, and strode from the ring as he entered it—smoking his prize Havana.

SONG.

Frank "Fighting Hussar" Hough was another of the colourful characters of the ring.

USELESS EUSTACE



"Gorblimey! The choice of two 'undred kids at 'is darned school, and 'e knocks the stuffin' out of the butcher's son!"

Frank, no mean crooner, often gave the fans a song after a fight, no matter whether he won or lost, and his zest for a jest and a laugh made him one of our most popular sporting figures in the years just before the war.

In 1939 Frank Hough joined the Welsh Guards and won the Military Medal.

Sportsmen come and go with the passing of time, but the colourful characters are always remembered. The Hobbs, with the wonder bat; Alex James, with the long pants; Harold Larwood with the terrific speed; Jimmy Wilde, the little man with the big punch.

Will we ever again see the colourful characters of sport? Time alone will give the answer.

Men Behind the Dance

Drawn by Ralph Drayton

DANCE bands occupy pride of place in most of Britain's places of entertainment to-day. Leaders of popular bands are often treated like royalty, and musicians in many cases pull down, with broadcasts, recordings, and other engagements, very large salaries.

But how did all this start? What made dance bands suddenly attract the public?

The answer is a dumpy little American band-leader-showman named Paul Whiteman.

Known as "The King of Jazz," he visited Britain just after the last war, caught the public imagination with his bright entertainment and general showmanship, and proved that there was a ready public for any musician who could offer "that little something extra."

Since then Britain has had a series of outstanding and colourful leaders. Just think for a moment back to the 1930's when dance bands really had their most popular following!

Lew Stone, with most of the band that had served under Roy Fox, had perhaps the finest all-round outfit ever seen in Britain, with Alf. Bowley, Nat Gonella, Tiny Winters, to mention but three bandmen entertainers. They were more than musicians; they were a compact variety bill in themselves! Lew Stone is still to-day in the forefront of band leaders.

One of the world's greatest showmen, Jack Hylton, is now producing his own shows with great success, considering going into Parliament, and owning several race-horses.

Hylton is a typical local boy who made good. Since he left his native Lancashire he has been a

It is as "Leader of the Band," whose signature tune was "Oh, Listen To The Band" that Jack will best be remembered.

One of the most popular of our present time dance band leaders is Geraldo. He, too, is a first-class showman, and twin-brother of Sydney Bright, his well-known pianist.

Gerald Bright, to give Geraldo his real name, operates his vast business from a big West End office. He coined the name "Geraldo" when he built up his tango orchestra, who, in their colourful costumes, were a feature of the band world for several years before Geraldo, by good timing, returned to the dance band fold.

Jack Payne, first British band leader to have a signature tune, "Say it with Music," a product of last-war R.F.C. entertainment, is still going strong. He has a terrifically large public, and is full of original ideas which he can put "to music."

Payne, for years the B.B.C.'s resident band leader, has long been at the top of his profession.

He believes in giving the public not only dance music, but music of all types. It is his way of presentation that probably accounts for his popularity for so many years.

The same thing can be said of Harry Roy—signature tune "Bugle Call Rag"—who repre-

sents vitality, hot music, and laughs. Harry, son of an East London box-maker, was such a brilliant sportsman as a youth that he might well have earned his living as a professional footballer and cricketer. Especially good was he at the summer game, and his band invariably produced a good team during the season.

Roy, who married Princess Pearl of Sarawak, has built himself up to the top of the ladder because he has been original; he went after a new-type of dance band.

One of the most respected of all dance-band leaders not only here, but in America, is Bert Ambrose. He stands for the best in dance music, and, as an agent, has been responsible for the placing before theatrical public of a score of now famous personalities.

Vera Lynn, Ann Shelton, Evelyn Dall, Max Bacon, Sam Browne, to mention but a few, were first spotted as possible stars by Bert Ambrose.

This quiet-spoken, but far-seeing theatrical figure, is also an all-round musician who ranks among the best in the profession he has helped so much.

Billy Merrin, the noted Midland dance-band leader, is, you may be surprised to know, the songwriter, "Gerry Mason." His "Over the Hill," to mention but one hit, swept the country. Billy spent time recently preparing his well-known Commanders for their next tour.

These, then, are some of the men who are known to all as "leaders of the band." Behind all their success you will find a story of hard work—and still more hard work. They never reached the top by just wishing.

Raspberries are our favourite fruit.

So write and tell us what you really think about

"GOOD MORNING"

LETTERS TO:—
"Good Morning"
c/o Dept. of C. N. I.,
Admiralty, London, S.W.1

Pushing Thumb-tacks into Whales—By Gunfire

TWO years ago there left these shores one of the most secret expeditions which this country has sent out. It was to the Antarctic Ocean.

Now the leader of the group of expeditionists, Lieut.-Commander J. W. S. Marr, has returned. Ill-health is said to be the cause of his relinquishing the leadership of the party.

Marr has been to the Antarctic before. When he was 18 years of age—he is now over 40—he went with the Shackleton expedition in the Quest. He was Scout Marr then.

The reason for the present expedition which went South in war years has been stated briefly to be the examination of land in the frozen regions to see whether there are minerals in quantity, to set up special weather stations, and also to study the movements of whales and the whaling industry.

The last is believed by some scientists to be the most important of the investigations.

It is of great importance not only to England, but to the whole world. In 1925 the R.S.S. Discovery, Captain Scott's famous old ship, went

south and was the first of the Discovery Committee's programme of notable voyages.

Then came the voyage of Discovery II, and of the smaller R.S.S. William Scoresby. These expeditions were likewise planned broadly to inquire into the resources of the Antarctic seas, and the movements of whales.

The importance of whales cannot be exaggerated, and it has always been a matter of scientific inquiry to find out how they live and move.

Since the days of the earlier expeditions thousands of whales have been marked by having darts fired into them, but the darts did not always remain in the whales. It was known that harpoons of North American origin had been found in the bodies of blue whales killed by Norwegian seamen in the Barents Sea in 1888 and 1889, but much more evidence was required.

During the voyage of the Discovery in 1925 a novel plan was tried. A small mark like a big drawing pin, with barbed point, and long wooden shaft was shot into whales.

PIN-POINTING. The shaft was dislodged by

the shock and was hauled back to the ship.

Round the edge of the pin left in the whale was stamped the words "For return to the Discovery Committee, Colonial Office, London." A reward of £1 was paid for the return of the barbs, with information as to where and when the whale was caught.

The test of these barbs was

made on a dummy whale in spare ground behind the British Museum; and according to the tests there should have been only success in the invention. But for some reason or other the barbs returned were few.

At first scientists thought that the report of the firing had frightened the whales and the barbs had been disconnected

with the shaft in the water. But later experience showed that whales do not heed the report of a gun, so another reason was sought—and found.

Tests made on dead whales revealed that the creatures when they felt the barb enter their hide were able to cover the sore with a layer of blubber and so heal the wound.

It was not until 1932 that a new marker was invented that has been proved successful in almost every way.

By that time it was discovered that the great rorquals, the Blue and Fin whales, which are the object of Antarctic fisheries, are the largest and most powerful animals the world has ever known. They are much faster than the Right or Greenland whales, and they can be hunted only by high-

(Continued on Page 3)

He Found a Mountain of Opals and Didn't Want Them

THIS is the queerest story of a fortune ever told.

In Rhodesia in 1913, Jim Kraks, a Dutchman, turned up, intending to strike into the interior. He was a man of about fifty, who spoke little; but he carried the tools of a prospector.

At the end of the last war he came again to Rhodesia, and was first seen by a member of the Mounted Police sitting one night by a camp fire. The policeman had ridden a few miles to find out what was the cause of the glow in the darkness.

Kraks was seated in a little lean-to tent, a revolver poised on his knee. When the policeman hailed him he dropped the gun and beckoned the cop forward.

"You're the man I want," said Kraks. "I want protection."

"Against what?" "Against those who might steal from me," and, to the policeman's amazement, Kraks brought from his pocket a handful of gems.

They were opals of the first water.

He told the policeman he had been searching for a mountain, mens of the gems and submitted them to officialdom. They were valuable. But when shown it to him, but his father had died from snakebite and young Kraks had to leave Africa. There was no trace of Kraks.

Now he had come back and had found his mountain.

"It is chock-full of opals," he said. "These are but a sample. I am the richest man in Rhodesia. I could buy Rhodesia and the Cape, too—easily."

O, FOR OPALS.

The policeman—Sergeant Beesley—advised Kraks that the site of the place must be given and proof of finding, and

Says Alfred Rhodes

many other details, before "protection" could be given.

He advised Kraks to accompany him to the nearest town, where the matter could be laid before the authorities.

But Kraks would not move. He wanted the sergeant to get his "protection" and to meet him at the camp in seven days.

Beesley agreed to be there with a Government official. He wondered if Kraks had stolen the opals.

Beesley took the two specimens of the gems and submitted them to officialdom. They were valuable. But when shown it to him, but his father had died from snakebite and young Kraks had to leave Africa. There was no trace of Kraks.

Twenty years passed, and in 1934 Kraks appeared again, this time in Johannesburg. But it was not the same Kraks. He was an old man, bent, gnarled—and toothless.

He was sick with fever, and in hospital he asked to see Sergeant Beesley.

IN HANDFULS.

The police authorities sent the sergeant along, and Kraks added to his story. He had in his pack a big lump of rock which he swore was hydrous silica. He allowed it to be examined by experts. They pronounced it the stuff which gives birth to opals.

Kraks insisted that at the mountain he could gather opals with his hands. He had them in his pack.

He was worth nearly half a million with what he had brought away. But, strangely, he had lost his desire for wealth.

All he wanted was a set of new false teeth. He had lost his own in a fight with natives, he said.

The hospital authorities gave him a new set of teeth. He was very proud of them. And then one day, in conversation with Sergeant Beesley, he confessed why he no longer wanted wealth. "I am getting desia, nobody knows the route old," he said. "I haven't a relative in the world. I've seen by accident."

death and killings over these opals. I'm sick of things."

He promised to let Sergeant Beesley know the location of his opal mountain. But when he left the hospital he disappeared again.

Sergeant Beesley retired from the police and went to live in Cape Town. Last December he saw a poor old bent man hobbling along the street. He had come into contact again with Kraks.

But when he reminded Kraks that the valuable opals were still in custody for him, Kraks shook his head.

"I don't want wealth," he said. "I've been again to my mountain, but I didn't bring back any stuff with me. If you call at the lodging house where I'm living I'll give you the trail to the place."

Two days later Sergeant Beesley called. Kraks had died the previous night, from fever. Under his pillow was a large opal.

Now there is talk of an expedition to find the opal mountain—but beyond the fact that it is somewhere above Rhodesia, nobody knows the route to it. One day it may be found, relative in the world. I've seen by accident."

QUIZ for today

1. What is the difference between a flamingo and a Flamingo?
2. If you belonged to the A.C.U., what would you have joined?
3. What does "Aber" signify, in town-names like Aberdovey?
4. About what was the length of a "cubit" in Bible times?
5. Who founded the city of Rome, and about when?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Lincoln, Canterbury, Gloucester, Chester, Winchester, Exeter.

Answers to Quiz in No. 719

1. Yarborough.
2. Wool.
3. 9,000 feet (1,500 fathoms).
4. The Pope.
5. Keep to the left.
6. Flint is in Wales; others are in England.

BEHIND THE SCREEN

★ By Cathryn Rose ★

THE Pittsburgh steel industry provides the background for the new Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture, "The Valley of Decision." It is the old, old story of the wealthy magnate's son—Gregory Peck—and the pretty but poor servant-girl, played by Greer Garson—who cannot marry, in spite of their mutual regard, because the girl is too much aware of the social distinction.

However, in spite of this hackneyed theme, the film possesses, in the opinion of New York and Hollywood critics, all the most essential elements for box-office success.

Certainly if star value is any criterion, their opinion is worthy of consideration because in the strong supporting cast are Lionel Barrymore (of Dr. Gillespie fame), Preston Foster, Marsha Hunt and that accomplished actress and charming "old-timer," Gladys Cooper. The film is directed by Tay Garnett, who scored heavily recently with the interesting "Mrs. Parkington."

CRICKET is, apparently, the latest thing in Hollywood, and Sir Aubrey Smith, who played at one time for Sussex, is the guiding light. He is fixing up a match between North and South California, the proceeds of which will go to a British Servicemen's charity.

It is not certain yet who is going to turn out for the Northern team, but Errol Flynn and Basil Rathbone will be two of the Southerners. British-born stars, Nigel Bruce, Boris Karloff, Ronald Colman, Arthur Treacher, and Alan Mowbray, will adopt the roles of commentators, and among the programme-sellers will be Joan Fontaine, Charlotte Greenwood, Ann Richards, and June Duprez.

Hardly cricket, in the best tradition, maybe, but pretty good value for money.

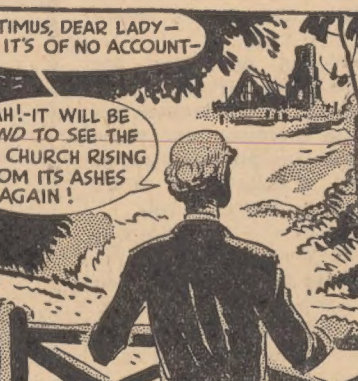
THE beautiful Hedy Lamarr is currently starring in "Experiment Perilous," an unoriginal tale of a jealous and neurotic husband (Paul Lukas), who tries to convince his wife and the doctor (George Brent), who becomes entangled with the family, that she is insane.

The theme was executed more successfully in "Murder in Thornton Square," but the picture is worth seeing if only for the loveliness of Hedy Lamarr, who is somewhat more animated than she has been previously.

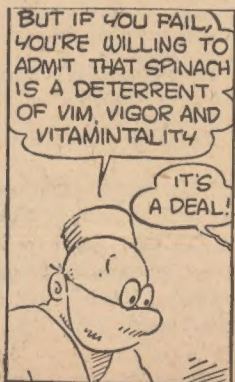
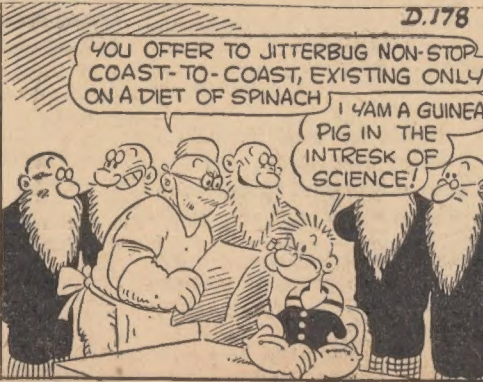
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



Wangling Words

No. 660

1. Behead a foodstuff and get what you do with it.
2. In the following proverb both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it?—vener adim nifat arif now therat.
3. What word meaning "pale" can be written in capital letters consisting entirely of straight lines?
4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: If you want a red wine, try one of our —

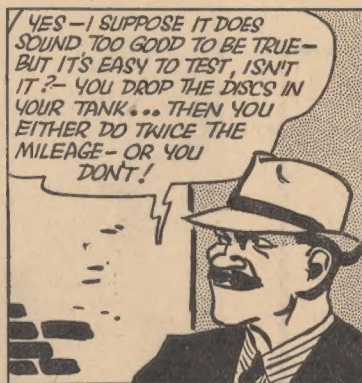
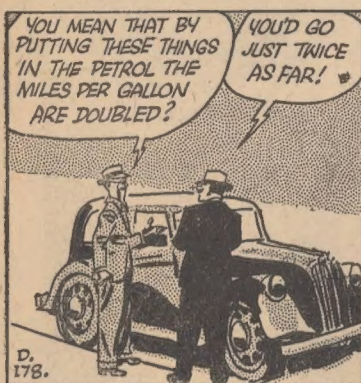
Answers to Wangling Words—No. 659

1. W-hist.
2. Don't pronounce the "p" in pneumonia.
3. EMINENT.
4. Space, capes.

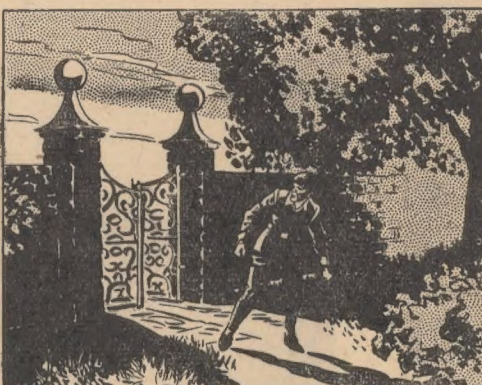
JANE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Pushing thumb-tacks into whales

(Continued from Page 2)

powered steamships of special design.

It was for this reason that the William Scoresby was adapted to the needs of the game. She was able to trawl as well as hunt whales, and on similar lines the expedition which Lieut.-Com. Marr headed was planned.

The new pattern marker now used is of simple make. It is a commercial harpoon about two feet long, and is more deadly than an explosive shell in one respect.

POINT-PINNING

It is long enough to strike sufficiently deep into the blubber to hold, and the whale cannot eject it or cover it completely. Made of stainless steel, it has a ten inch tube weighted at the head and can be fired from a 12-bore gun. It can be easily found by workers at whale factories.

The mark, indeed, is a long bullet. Engraved along one of its sides are the words: "Return for reward to the Colonial Office, London."

When it was first tried out on whales in 1932 it was fired from a commercial whale-catcher working around South Georgia, and 207 whales were hit.

Some of these whales were found to have travelled from the Antarctic to the South African coast. Proof came when whale No. 3482 was killed near Africa and the new mark found in it.

Evidence was also gained that whales come up from the South towards the equator for breeding in winter time, and go Southwards during the summer for feeding.

The Japanese have never tried to reduce the catching of whales, and it has long been feared that, because of such slaughter as the Japs have carried out, the bigger whales may become extinct.

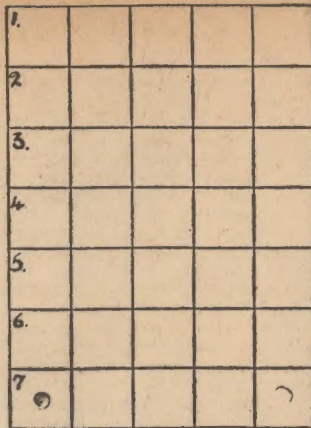
The interest of the Colonial Office in the matter is not only one of scientific basis, but of stern commercial necessity. By knowing the movements of whales the rules of the fishing can be tightened, or else there will come a time when there will be no whales at all.

Marcus Delinger

PUZZLE CORNER

When you have filled in the answers to the clues given below, you will find the centre column down gives you "fowls":—

1. Subject for converse.
2. Weak-minded people.
3. To extinguish or plunge into water.
4. Converts.
5. To praise.
6. Strength, power.
7. A meeting place.



(Solution in No. 721)

Answer to Puzzle in No. 719.

1. t a B b y
2. g i R t h
3. e x T r a
4. g l A z e
5. f r I a r
6. g e N e t

USELESS EUSTACE



"E says, last night one of our safes got 'im beat, so what's 'is unsolicited testimonial worth?"

I suffered the indignity of being taken across my mother-in-law's knee and spanked.

THINGS PEOPLE DO

HE was unhappy, Albert William Jennings, of Glade House, Hall Road, North Rochford, Essex. He thought his wife didn't like him, much.

He gathered this from the fact that she threw cups of tea over him, kicked and bit him, hit him, smashed his spectacles, smashed the furniture, and fired a revolver, containing a blank, at him.

He thought he had had enough. So did Mr. Justice Denning, who gave him a decree nisi in the Divorce Court the other day.

JOSEPH HENRY BARNES wanted possession of his house at Gillingham, Kent, so badly that he came all the way from the Orkney Islands twice—a distance, in all, of 3,200 miles—to attend hearings of the case at Rochester County Court.

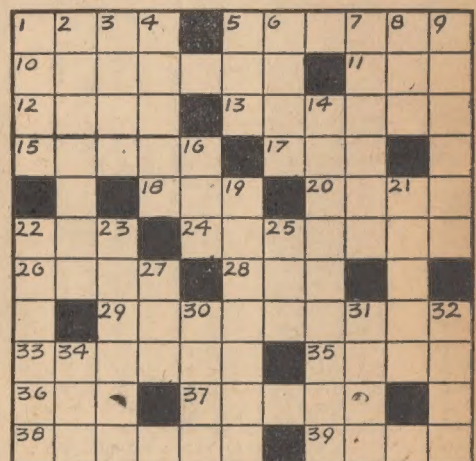
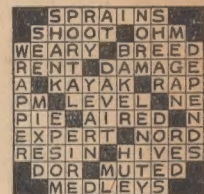
He got his way.

WHEN Mark Hart, ex-amateur heavy-weight champ., puts up a fight, he can be sure of having forty hearty supporters yelling encouragement from the ring-side.

They are all relatives—from a cousin in short pants to an aged grandfather—and they all go to his fights, if they are anywhere near London.

He beat Dom Lydon in his first professional fight recently.

CROSS-WORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.—1 Out. 5 Strata. 10 Let. 11 Witty saying. 12 Send out. 13 Number. 15 Bounds easily. 17 Weight. 18 Edge. 20 Lazy. 22 Favourite. 24 Intersected. 26 Wake-robin. 28 Farm animal. 29 Uprising. 33 Flag. 35 Girl's name. 36 Cutting tool. 37 Rent. 38 Sufficed. 39 Wise.

CLUES DOWN.—1 Celt. 2 Distributor of alms. 3 Fleider. 4 Home from home. 5 Short boy. 6 Mine entrance. 7 Corrects. 8 Nonsense. 9 Described as. 14 Quiet. 16 Accurately quoted. 19 Trimmed with beak. 21 Fruit. 22 American plains. 23 Lathe-worker. 25 Bird. 27 Adults. 30 Trunk. 31 Notion. 32 Reputation. 34 Devon river.

Good Morning



THIS GARDEN OF ENGLAND.

The autumn sunshine filters through the great trees chequering the grass. In the moist earth around the tree boles the brilliant emerald mosses star the ground. This quiet and peaceful scene is not in the depths of the country—but in Cassiobury Park at Watford, on the London tube.



ONE WAY TO CURL YOUR HAIR.

Here's a man who doesn't care what he does—so long as it's crazy. He's Bunny Dryden, and he's practising for a little show he plans to put on 600 feet above the sidewalk just to amuse his pals. This little number—called Asleep in the Deep (or something)—is one he takes laying down.



KICKED HERSELF TO STARDOM.

Dancer Vera Ellen is a Broadway high-kicker, as you've probably guessed yourself. Now, we like high-kickers, as you probably do yourself. Which is why we kinda resent that ugly pike getting into the picture—as you probably do yourself! And he's got a fish's-eye view of the proceedings.



ANOTHER ELEPHANT WHO WILL NEVER FORGET!

"Trying to fence me in on a burning hot day with no water to drink! I'll show 'em! They've forgotten that an elephant's trunk is useful for other things than catching buns."

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"I resent that pike, too. He spoils my view!"

